

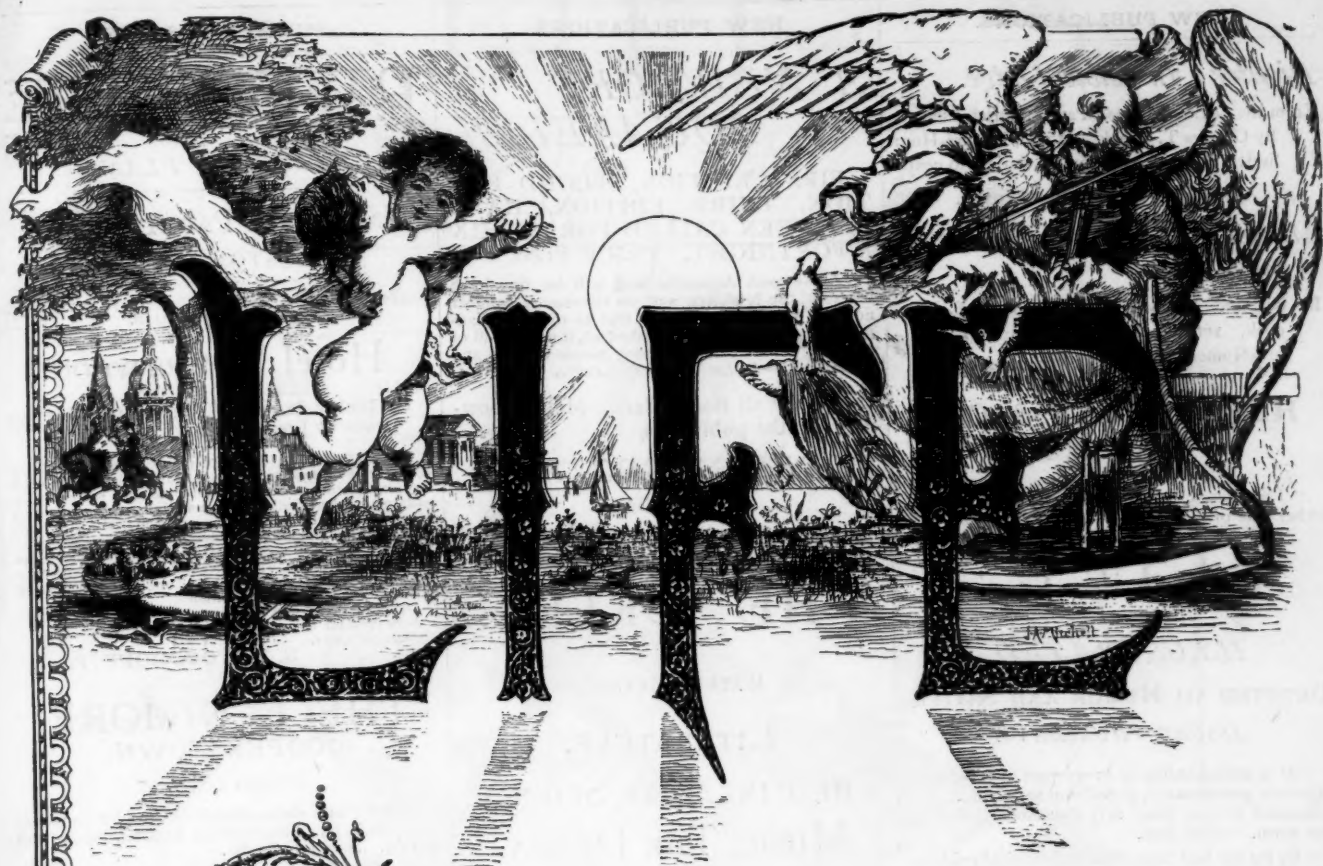
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DISASTROUS RESULTS OF A SUMMER VACATION.



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1883. NO. 36.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

IT was somewhat a painful surprise to see that our highly esteemed contemporary the *New York Sun*, *Court Journal* of *New York*, *Newport*, etc., etc., gave place in its usually courteous and deferential columns to a spiteful and treasonous letter from Rome, wherein not only was the Royal moustache of His Majesty, King Umberto of Italy, disrespectfully mentioned as "decidedly callow," and Her Majesty the Queen criticised for her "sallow skin" and "fearfully prosaic face," but the Princes and Princesses were set down as "Royal Italian Brats." In view of the recent bitterness exhibited by France, O'Donovan Rossa and other great powers towards Italy, it has been surmised that the significance of this departure from immemorial precedent is that our esteemed contemporary has been prevailed upon to join the Congress of said Powers against Italy, but from certain facts which cannot now be published, we are enabled to say that it is only the result of a quiet but ingrowing conviction which has troubled Mr. Dana of late, to the effect that the Republican party must go.

A TERRIBLE scene was that recently witnessed at Money Island. Mr. Charles C. Tudor, a confirmed Hartford man, was bathing alone. Suddenly a twenty foot shark appeared. The grim, gloomy cimeter fin clove the waters in circles. Witnesses from the beach yelled and danced in futile endeavors to make Mr. Tudor believe it was not a practical joke. The circles merged into a spiral and the shark and the Hartford man were not ten feet apart, when suddenly the poor friendless monster discovered from the bag on Mr. Tudor's bathing suit that he was from Hartford and thus saved himself.

THE ocean rose to a tremendous height last Wednesday, and inundated Long Island and most of the New Jersey watering places to such an extent that many persons thought that the Hon. David Davis must be bathing at Coney Island. The waters receded, however, and proved conclusively that it was only a tidal wave.

A PALPABLE hit at the social gayeties of under-graduates is made by the heartless *Figaro*, which declares that except at weddings kids will no longer be fashionable.

AN excited organ of the cremationists declares that the Undertakers' Union has been running the thing into the ground long enough.

"HAVE we not suffered long enough from the frightful curse of intemperance? Is there no legal means of relief?"—*Herald and Presbyterian*.
Certainly : 30 days.

"JUDGE HOADLY believes that 'speech is silver and silence golden!'"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.
Of course he does. But his silence will have to be pretty thickly golden to pay up for that \$50,000 silver speech.

WIVES may be obtained in Siberia for the exceedingly moderate price of eight sledge dogs apiece. This again shows the folly of a protective tariff.

NOW that Newport has capered all summer through the crops to its heart's content, it is lending a willing ear to the petition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to abolish fox-hunting. The slight difficulty at present hampering the Society is that the foxes of Rhode Island have rather enjoyed the chase than been harmed by it. The Farmers' Co-operative Union for the Development of Shot Guns and Wire Fences has taken a stand, however, and it is not improbable that next year the Hunt will be without game, unless, indeed it find an indestructive pastime in scampering after a tin fox on wheels running harmlessly along the public highway.

NEW YORK clubs are famous all over the world.—*N. Y. Sun*.
More especially those in the hands of the police.

FROM the subjoined written by a Boston woman and published in the *Boston Transcript*, it would appear that Boston and Newport are out.

"Verily, notoriety is cheap. A hundred thousand a year, a Parisian *chef*, a visiting list, when in England, and you may lead the fashionable world in America, brains or no brains, and roll up and down Bellevue Avenue, conscious that you are the observed of all observers, that you have achieved a 'position' which all other American women may well envy. Am I severe? Study Newport and New York society, that 'society' talked and written of, and that which our English visitors best know, and you will see what the mighty dollar can do for *any* man or woman. Said a good little woman to me yesterday, who has been a month in this same society, 'I shall be glad to get beyond the reach of the scandalous gossip one hears on every side here at Newport. Fashionable society here is not only rotten at the core, but this season its rottenness is flaunted in our faces, and insults decent people every day.' If we continue to 'advance' as we have this season in riotous living, domestic scandals made public, wasteful entertainments and disgusting exhibitions of rowdyism, family feuds and vulgarity generally, we shall vie with those tales history gives us of other summer life, even back to the day of Pompeii, shameful blemishes upon the world's social history."



STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Chorus of excited boys : THEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK YOU.

Skipper, indifferently : OH, YES—I WAS LEANIN' AGIN THE MAINMAST WHEN IT STRUCK IT.

Excited boys : DIDN'T IT KILL YOU ?

Skipper, more indifferently : WAL, NO ; IT ALL RAN DOWN MY BACK.

Excited boys : AND WHAT DID YOU DO THEN ?

Skipper, most indifferently : I HAD TO HAUL OFF MY BOOTS AND POUR THE LIGHTNING OUT ON THE DECK.

“THE hounds ran all over the compass for an hour, and then the kill took place at Isaac Sherman's farm. A couple of pigs near by heard the hounds, and rushing to join the latter made a bee line for them to the poor little fox.”

Newport Letter.

Boston, Saturday Evening Gazette, Aug. 18th, 1883.

Ho ! Harkaway ! and Tally-ho !
Wind loud the mellow horn !
To dear old England fondly show
The triumphs of this morn !

Huzza ! no more need we import
The long-eared hounds. And why ?
To grace our vulpical sport,
We'll seek the humble sty.

And Cincinnati's busy mart
Shall furnish forth the chase,
To cheer the Anglomaniac heart
And Newport's hunting grace.

Forsake we, too, the herring red !
Nor bag with anise fill !
But on the sward we'll gaily spread
The rich and savory swill.

As loud and fiercer grows the hunt,
How will each soul rejoice,
As in shrill squeak and deep-toned grunt
The maddened pack gives voice !

Newport's proud dames, and maidens trig,
Shall on the porkers smile,
And note the points of each good pig,
And praise its splendid style.

And when the hunting season's o'er,
And southward flies the stork,
Appear ! each gallant pig and boar,
As bacon, ham, and pork !

They'll grace the hardy hunter's hall,
At breakfast in the morn,
While well fried sausages recall
The merry grunt and horn !

Long live our noble English chase !
To Anglomaniacs dear !
Our pigs are of the purest race,
No savage fox we'll fear.

A. A. M.

I SAW A LIGHT.

I SAW a Light upreared afar, so pure
That to my constant gaze it seemed to come
Half way to me. With hope begot of prayer
We on a night of waters tossed; yet came
From other country of an eastern sky
The fearful pillage of a cold-eyed Dawn,
That stole our star to gem some new-made night,
And stationed Horror in our pilot-house.

I felt a Love, so full of charity
That to my yearning heart it seemed to come
Half way to me. And then, all through a night
Filled with heart-broken grief, I stood the watch
At Misery's mast-head, and at break of day
When love went out, cried to my heart below
A dawn of darker night, of deeper seas.

I saw the Truth afar, blazing so bright
That to my constant gaze it seemed to come
Half way to me. All through a night of life
I held my helm, until the morn of death
Came on the world; then, as I scanned the rocks,
Behold! my beacon vanished, and, alas!
I only saw its ashes, tempest-blown
Beyond the breakers of eternity.

JOHN MCGOVERN.

BONNETS.

"IF there ever was an article," says a cynic at our elbow, "which required to be chiefly kept in a bandbox and worn by delicate women who avoid a crowd, and who live in a Peruvian climate where it rains only twice a year, that article is a modern bonnet." The cynic has doubtless found a great many men who agree with him. As a rule; men dislike the bonnet; not because it is occasionally infested with a mischievous bee; not because it is a costly and berated luxury; not because it engenders pride and arrogance; not because it shuts out their view at the theatre, and screens them in church from the man in the pulpit; but because it is a fussy, unbecoming, misshapen, architectural monstrosity! There! we have said it. And like the clerical suit of the Rev. Sydney Smith's ancestor, the average bonnet is less the result of design than accident. It apparently creates itself spontaneously like the world of the pantheist. It has the colors of the chameleon, the shapes of Proteus and the variety of a comic almanac. As we have said, men hate it from some such inscrutable motive as Tom Brown hated the celebrated Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Fell.

And yet women wear bonnets. They ransack milliners' shops for ribbons, stuffed birds, grasses, ferns, beads, bugs, feathers, shirring and flowers, that are bunched together at hap-hazard, stuck on the head and tied under the chin with enough ribbon for a court-train wedding dress for a Zulu bride. They

outvie each other in piling up mimic pyramids of vines, laces and tea-roses, that lean over like the tower of Pisa, boom up like Chinese pagodas, and take the form, in miniature, of the hanging gardens of Babylon. Caxon, the wig-maker, thought the world revolved about his tie-wigs. A girl of the period imagines the entire solar system turns around her bonnet. Bonnets shaped like bakers' caps, bonnets shaped like fancy card baskets, bonnets shaped like ice-cream molds, and bonnets of no shape at all, stare us out of countenance.

Our wives and sweethearts tell us that bonnets are the cheapest thing in the market. It is true that a woman with a real genius for shopping can get a fair article of bonnet for the marvelously low price of \$150.00. Nobody will deny this. It is not because bonnets are said to be expensive that men complain; for no man who loves his own, or another man's wife, will make a fuss over the paltry sum of \$150.00. The wisest of them concedes that the milliner's shop is the female *bourse*, or stock exchange, and that while men speculate in stocks and trim in politics, women may trim bonnets. But if they would only invest in a bonnet that is more becoming and less over-coming. If they would study out geometry, and even botany, with a view to improving the shapes and styles of modern bonnets. This they will not do; because if the fashionable *chapeau* resembled anything on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, it would not be a bonnet.

What a vexatious thing the bonnet is, anyway! In the days of "coal-scuttles," when there was little latitude of choice in trimming the things, ladies had more time for charity calls than in these times, when most of their spare hours are spent in worrying and fussing over the latest style of bonnet. Is not the mere art of tying on a bonnet "a technicality that implies a great deal?" Think of the fiddling and prinking before the glass; tipping the bonnet to this side and that; pushing it up behind and pulling it forward with the thumb and forefinger; tying and untying the strings; arranging the "crimps;" poking in stray locks of hair,—why a man could shave and try on several crates of hats while his wife is tying on her bonnet. In vain we protest against this monstrous absurdity, and commend the jockey that tips up behind, the rakish hat with a flare-up brim, the snug little turban that nestles down over the eyes and the bridge of the nose, and even the Derby hat with a feather stuck in the band,—for a girl will have a feather in her cap. The bonnet, however, holds its own, like the pigeon-tail coat and the stove-pipe hat, and for full dress is considered the only suitable head-covering.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

THERE were some young minxes named Beauchamp
Who had an old tutor to teauchamp.

His efforts were veign,
So he picked up a ceign
With which he endeavored to reauchamp.



GORAMITY! WHO FREW DAT ONTO MY YI! (*Sees the offender.*)
 LOOKER H'YAR, MARS GAWGE, YO'SE MIXIN' YO' GOBS ER MUD WID
 DE WRONG CULLER! JESS YO' WAIT TWELL I TRICKLE DESE YAR
 LEAVINS IN DE TROFF AN' SCRAPE DIS BOLUS OFFEN MY YI, AN YO 'LL
 TINK DAR'S A YARTHQUAKE FANNIN' YO!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BENJAMIN, *Boston*.—Do you think you are going to have a boom? Certainly.
 The biggest boom, Benjamin, ever seen, known or heard of. Have you
 never heard of Casabianca and the boom *he* got? A touching tale, Benjamin, and
 oh, so foreshadowing!

J. M., author of "Coincidences," and E. A. C., address us.

S. J. T., *Greystone*.—1. No, the fo'ca'sl is not the apparatus by which a ship is
 steered, nor is it advantageous to a ship to be able to "clew up the bilge in case
 of a squall." 2. There is no need of our announcing that you love athletic sports.
 Mr. Dana has kindly acted as your advance agent.

MAHONE, *Virginia*.—Can you not be spoken of as "a man with a future?"
 Certainly. You have a future before you. A great, long, red hot future, too.

VACATION VOWS.



WHEN the moon was in the skies,
 At its crescent (quarter) size,
 Suddenly it seemed to me
 In the country I should be.



When the moon was in the skies,
 Grown to half its regular size,
 I was in the land of yarbs,
 'Taters, corn, and homely barbs.
 Then my fancy 'gan to stray
 Towards a maiden, strange to say.
 (If you 'd know how she was dressed,
 Scan *Bazar* and Demorest.)



When the moon was in the skies
 Grown to number thirteen size,
 I was in a lover's whirl,
 With that rosy, rosy girl.
 Oh, that night! that royal night!
 When the moon was at its height,
 Flooding hill, and flooding glen,
 Lighting moor, and lighting fen,
 With its mellow, yellow sheen,
 Making earth a fairy scene.
 We were here, and we were there,
 Love and moonlight everywhere,
 Hill and lake, and glen, till late,
 Then a postscript at the gate.
 We made vows—indeed we did
 (Who would not, if Cupid bid?).

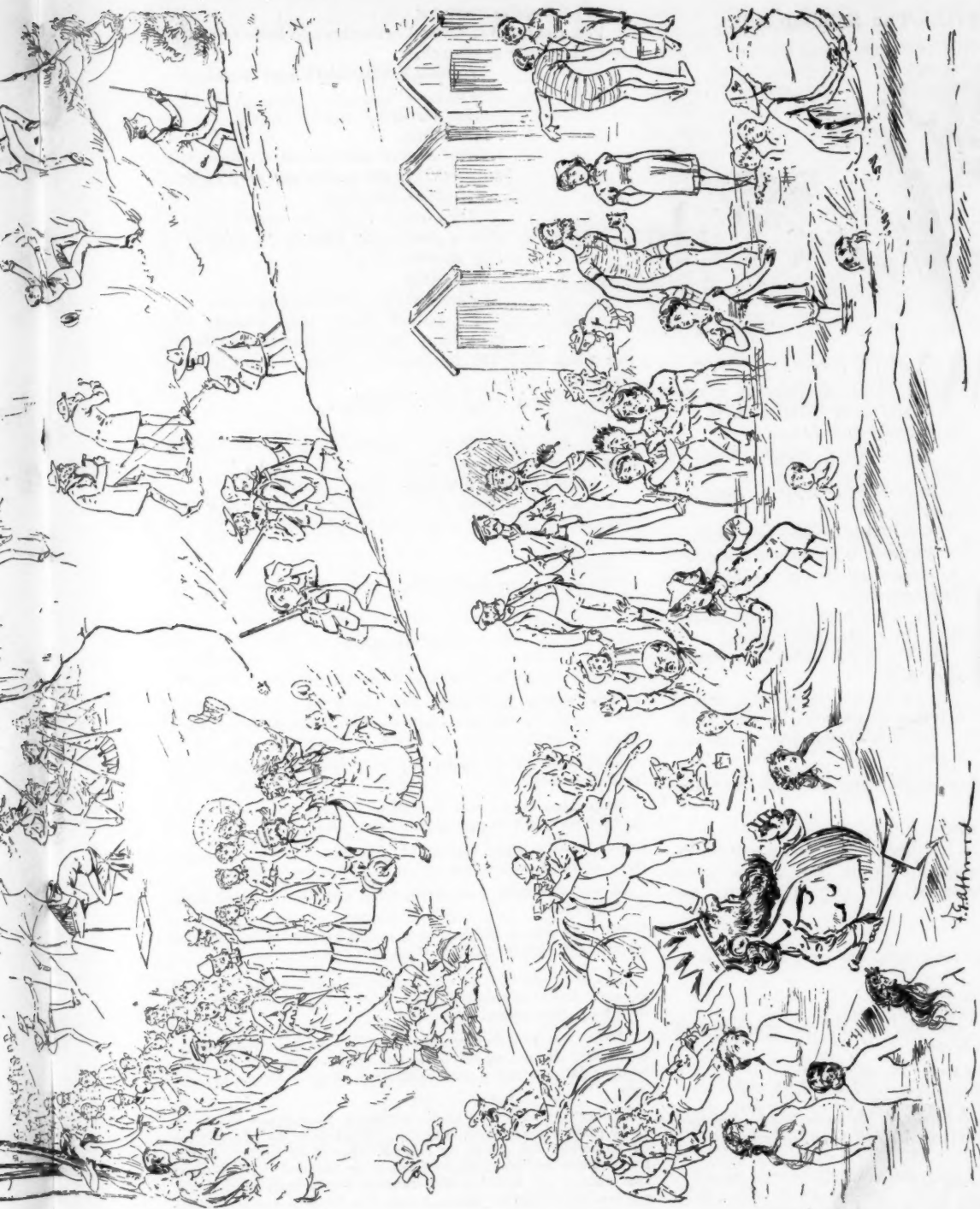


When the moon was on the wane,
 I embarked in R. R. train.
 Oh the sighs, the sighs, the sighs!
 When I last beheld those eyes.
 Oh the blues, the blues, the blues!
 When I waved my last adieus.
 We had vowed we 'd e'er be true,
 As vacation lovers do.
 When the moon was on the wane,
 I was at my desk again.
 Quite forgotten was the maid
 Mid the whirligig of trade.

WALLACE PECK.

• LIFE •

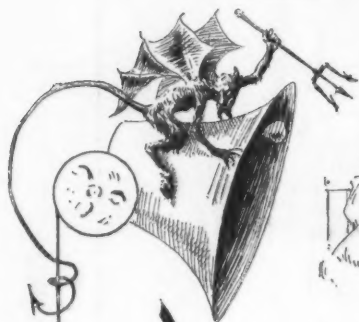




NATURE AND THE TOURIST. THE ANNUAL INVASION.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XIII.—The Sabbath bell.



W HAT is this?

This, darling, is a sweet and holy Sabbath bell.

It seems to be large.

Yes, dear, it weighs about six tons.

My! then it must be capable of some noise?

Some little noise—yes, dear.

But who is the solemn old gentleman working the rope in that perfunctory way?

He is the pastor of the church that owns the bell, darling.

But I never knew that pastors rang bells.

Well, he has dyspepsia, and he is trying by exercise to work it off.

And who is that poor gentleman in bed?

He is a quiet and orderly citizen who now lives near the church.

He seems to be excited?

Yes, for a week he has been under treatment for insomnia, hyperæsthesia, neuralgia and a few other diseases, and is threatened with angina pectoris and loco-motor-ataxis.

Well?

Well, his doctor told him his only hope was in "absolute quiet."

Well?

Well, to secure "absolute quiet" he moved next door to the parson's house.

Gracious! And got under the big bell?

Apparently so, my precious.

But does the poor, benevolent, humane and christian pastor know what suffering his bell is causing?

He does.

Then why does he ring it?

Because bell-ringing is "a good old custom."



But burning witches, racking heretics, travelling by ox-team and treating small-pox with sulphur and onions were good old customs too.

Yes, dear. But several centuries ago bells were used to call people to church.

But people nowadays have watches?

Yes.

And clocks?

Certainly.

And church advertisements and pious time-tables in the wicked morning papers?

Of course, darling.

Then every body who wants to go to church knows just when to go, without all that metallic fuss?

Certainly.

Then why the pendulous uproar?

To punish those lazy sinners who criminally overwork themselves during the week and are hardened enough to want to sleep Sundays.

Oh! then it is a penal institution?

Slightly.

But that poor nervous invalid who is catching the devil—will he not die?

Unless he has "absolute quiet," he will.

Cannot his friends find a quieter place for him than between the parson's house and the church?

Oh, yes.

Where?

Between a summer garden and a boiler factory.

APHORISMS.

By "WOODCHUCK PETE."

CONVERSATION doan' show wot a man knows enny mo' dan de cacklin' ob a hen am a criterium ob de size ob an egg.

SOME men am dat mean dey ain't nebbber gib nuffin' away, 'cept de measles.

DE greatest misfortune dat ebber happen to de worl' am dat de Efiopean can 't change de color ob his skin.

FACTS am de chief marrow of eddication. 'Tain't wot a man doan' learn dat makes him ign'rant, but wot he forgits.

SENCE cullid folks doan' nebbber tan, why do mos' ob de ladies carry parasols?

YOU can 't keep sin out de house by boltin' de do' wid good resolutions. De debbil 'll bust off dem bolts.

EF a man will loaf, it 's mo' 'spectable to stan' roun' de bank corner. Doan' nebbber gib yourse'f away by settin' on de steps ob a lager-beer saloon.

DE boy dat robs hen-roosts will nebbber lib to be president ob de United States, unless he swoops off his soul wid de milk-peddler dat puts ha'f a pint ob water in ebery quart ob skimmed milk.

FLOSSOFY won't fill a man's stummick no way you kin fix it. In de sum'r time a brack man kin lib out do's, an' flossofy am de umberella dat keeps de sun off. But in de winter, wen de freemometer am 'leben degrees below de bulb an' kin'lin' wood am skeerce an' hard to git, flossofy won't keep de chill off, nor buy all de ham an' bacon a man kin eat wen he feels holler-like ober de diafram.

Podge's Holiday.



H Podge, bachelor, taketh a holiday. Being of a quiet and meditative organization he seeketh a retired spot by the sea, having in view a mind to shun society, more especially that of the opposite sex. He wandereth the sands.
"I'm alone," gooth Podge
"I'll wash."

Straightway Podge hiath him to where there be many rocks.

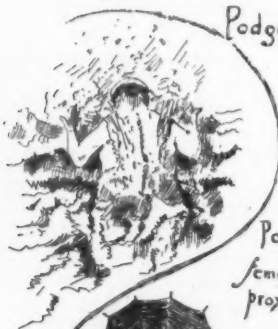
"Here," gooth he, "may I wash in peace and comfort, unfettered by clothes, CUA DIGNITATE"



In vain striveth Podge to arrest the female's attention. he groweth numb and chill. Cramps threaten him. The Sun goeth low! Something must be done.

Podge waxeth bold.

Hullo! - J s-s-say,
M-m-m-m-m-a D-A-M.,
J-J-J w-want-t-t-t-t-e-e-e-c-c-c-c-c-cum out. Wi-wi-wi-will yer-r-r-r-r-r PLEASE M-M-MOVE ON.
Literature absorbeth the soul of the female.
She budgeth not.



Podge washeth! - he enjoyeth the peace and seclusion of the cove.
"My!! but aint this good!"

About to emerge, Podge discovereth a female form in close proximity to his garments.

Horror absorbeth the soul of Podge, literature, that of the female. . . .

By the great horn spoons. A WOMAN!!



Necessitas non habet legem

Podge budgeth. he gaineth the shore; he covereth his loins with sea-weed, and taketh flight.

Farmer Stebbins' boy Tke, and his dog Towser, seeketh the cattle. . . .

"Blow'd if it aint Old SAL, Sic her 'Tows'!"





NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

THERE came at the door of the sanctum of a popular and influential journal a despairing rap that presaged a poet.

"Come in!" cried the able and scholarly editor, stifling an untranslatable idiom, "Oh, do come in!" And the tramp came in. There was a remote air of faded respectability about him that appealed with touching pathos to the heart of the journalist. Time had set his mark upon the furrowed brow, and his raiment hung upon his shrunken frame in many a patched and threadbare fold. There was dust of Pennsylvania upon his coat and mud of Texas on his way-worn shoes. Pine needles from Maine forests clustered in his thin hair, and straw from Iowa stack-yards lingered on his back. He glanced about the sanctum with the air of a man who had been there before, and he drew his chair up to the table and looked about for a handy pencil and a lap tablet for all the world like an old timer. He sighed; a mouldy odor seemed to pervade the atmosphere about him. He looked generally decayed.

"What do you want?" the editor asked kindly; but inwardly he was a ravening wolf, for time was precious, and the foreman waits for no man.

"Rest," said the visitor, with an intonation of indescribable weariness, "Rest; eternal rest; dreamless sleep; voiceless oblivion, annihilation, the Nirvana of naughtfulness."

Calmly the editor pulled a revolver of that pattern and said:

"Just stand over there on on that pile of exchanges so you won't spoil the carpet, and I will translate you to the *summum bonum* beyond the Sansara before you can say your prayers."

The visitor sighed more dejectedly than before, and shook his head.

"T aint no use," he said. I've tried it and I can't stay dead. That's the trouble. We must have reform. I want to be let alone. I'm afraid you do n't recognize me. I am a joke. I am the Joke about the young

man, lady, servant girl, in boy,	{	Maine, Georgia, Ohio, Florida, Nevada, New Jersey, Texas, Etc.,
---	---	--

who went into a drug store to get a dose of castor oil for

his her	{	sister, brother, mistress, father, cousin, aunt,	}	and the druggist disguised it in—
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TWO A.M., ARMED TO THE TEETH, TIGWISSEL ADVANCES TO DESTROY THE FOE WHO HAS AROUSED HIM FROM HIS SLEEP.

HOW PITIFUL THAT A NO. 3 CARPET TACK COMING IN CONTACT WITH HIS HEEL SHOULD CHANGE AFFAIRS SO SUDDENLY.

oh, I see you recognize me? Well, what I suggest is this—I have done duty at all the soda fountains in America, from Hudnut's to the city of Mexico, for the past ten years. Now, can't you start a reform, an agitation, as it were, and boycott me, so that—"

The editor shook his head sternly and said, "Sorry for you, but I'm afraid I can't help you. In fact, I'm just a little bit short to-day, and was just wishing one of your fellows would happen along. Here!" he said, as the foreman entered, "here he is!" and he pushed the old veteran into the foreman's outstretched arms; "take him down stairs with you, locate him at some steady advertisers, lead him, and let's get to press some time before Christmas."

And the faithful old joke went tottering down stairs, feebly muttering, "Crushed again!"

THE rumor that Mr. Tilden desired to purchase a "suitable yacht" stimulated the sordid English Government to lay instant claim to the recently discovered Noah's Ark.

ÆSOP REVISED.

THE KICKER AND THE HOPPER.

A KICKER known to the world at large as *Stubbornus* attended a strawberry festival one evening at which some grass-hoppers acted in the capacity of brass band. The auditor with whose hind legs it is dangerous to meddle, remarking that it would be more proper were the performers called a "grass-band," asked where they obtained their talent for music.

"Well," replied the hop-gatherers, "we played croak-ay for several seasons and fed on nothing but dew."

"Nothing but 'do'?" Well my master is so confoundedly poor that I have fed on nothing but 'do' all my life. As for croquet I never played that at all. I do n't even know how. Where shall I learn?"

"Ask Jupiter."

"All right. Let us bray!" replied the beast with a sickly smile, as he sought his early grave. The *post mortem* examination showed that he died of bray-in' fever brought on by an excess of humorousness.

MORAL: Do not be a mule.

J. K. BANGS.

THE silence which reigns in a cornfield well provided with scare-crows—is it not a case of an effect without caws?

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

"NEW DEMOCRACY," exclaims an esteemed contemporary, "won't wash." Good heavens, man! who said it would?—*Indianapolis Journal*.

How shall we stop the great evil of lying?—*New York Observer*. Do n't know, give it up. It's a habit you ought never to have fallen into.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Is it a dude? Yes, it is a dude. Was it always that way? Yes, natural born. What does it do for a living? It breathes, dear: do n't disturb it.—*Boston Traveller*.

In the far West a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?—*Oil City Derrick*.

A SNAKE 12 feet long wrapped itself around the fore and hind wheel of a Nevada stage the other day, blocking progress until killed. After that the cork was put into the bottle and the party proceeded.—*Hartford Post*.

"I TELL you," said Poots, "there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You got a valet?" exclaimed Poots' friend. "No," replied Poots, "but I've got a bell."—*Cinc. Sat. Night*.

DIBDIN had a horse which he called "Graphy." "Very odd name," said a friend. "Not at all," responded Tom; "when I bought him it was Buy-o-Graphy; when I mount him it's Top-o-Graphy; and when I want him to go it's Gee-ho-Graphy."—*Somerville Journal*.

"WAITER, what is this mark on the side of my pie?" "Ho yes; why certainly, sir. That mark, sir? That is the print of my thumb, sir. Just had my thumb in chocolate served the other gent, sir. Meant to have called your attention to it before, sir. Cut it out for you, sir?"—*Hawkeye*.

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